



HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

"OFF-STAGE KILL"



by BELLEM & BARREAUX



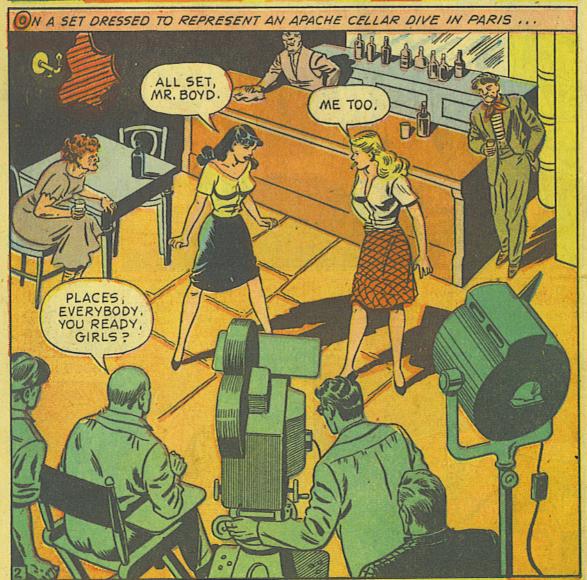
I'D SOONER NOT NAME THE ONE I SUSPECT, I MIGHT BE WRONG - AND I DON'T WANT TO PREJUDICE YOUR INVESTIGATION, FAT LOT OF HELP YOU ARE!



THESE NOTES THREATEN THE GIRLS WITH SOME SORT OF TRUMPED-UP SCANDAL IF THEY DON'T PAY HALF OF THEIR SALARY TO THIS LOUSE. HE TELLS THEM TO LEAVE THE DOUGH ON THEIR DRESSING TABLES.



















AS THE FIGHT
CONTINUES BEYOND
ITS REHEARSED
TIME AND
FOOTAGE, VARIOUS
TECHNICIANS
BEGIN TO CALL
FOR A HALT...









JEEPERS! BALDY'S BEEN SKEWERED THROUGH THE TICKER! HE'S DEFUNCT!!







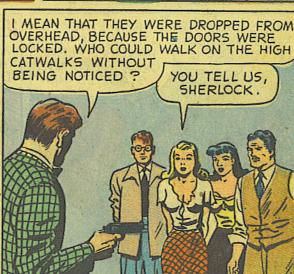












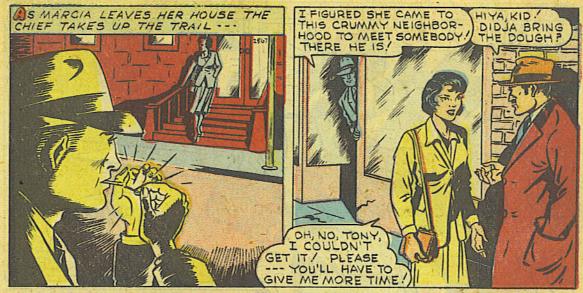




YEAH. YOU, DEVLIN. AS GAFFER, YOU BELONGED ON THE CATWALKS. YOU













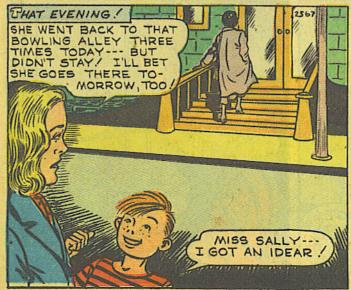








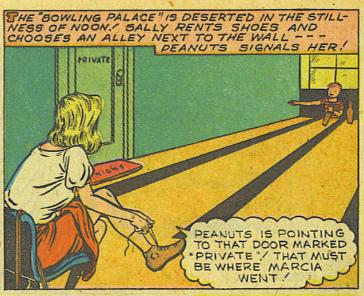


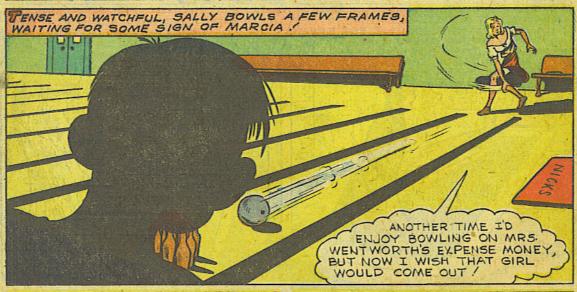




SUPPOSIN' I WAS TO GET A

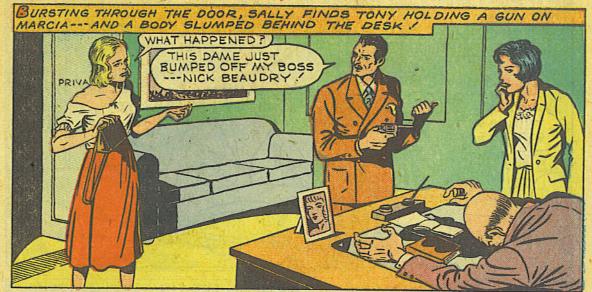




































GAIL GORD, SECRETARY - OR "GIRL FRIDAY" - TO INSPECTOR MADSON, OF THE HOMICIDE MADSON, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, TAKES AN AFTERNOON OFF TO DO SOME SHOPPING ...

"THE CLUTCH OF EVIL" by KEATS PETREE



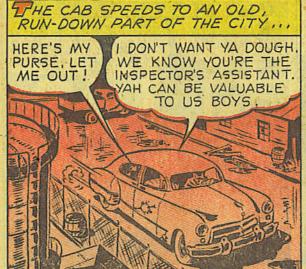


CAB DRAWS UP TO THE CURB AND GAIL JUMPS IN ..



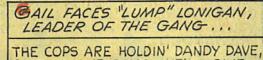
ONCE IN THE CAB, GAIL FEELS A GUN ROUGHLY PUSHED AGAINST HER RIBS ...

















THERE!-"LET DANDY DAVE GO IN TWELVE HOURS OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR GIRL AGAIN". MAIL THIS TO THE COPS RIGHT AWAY, ROSIE, AND HURRY BACK.





PLEASE HELP ME OUT OF HERE — YOU'LL BE WELL REWARDED.

NOT A CHANCE. "LUMP" LONIGAN WOULD TEAR ME TO PIECES!



"LUMP" IS RUTHLESS, IF I TRIED TO HELP YOU, WE'D BOTH DIE HORRIBLY AND END UP IN A LIME PIT.



MEXT MORNING, MAC, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES, RUSHES EXCITEDLY INTO THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE ...

BOSS, GAIL'S DISAPPEARED! YES, I SHE WASN'T HOME AT KNOW. ALL LAST NIGHT! THIS WILL TELL YOU WHY





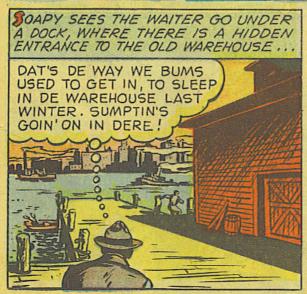


















PINSIDE, LUMP GROWS RESTLESS ...

NO ACTION ON DAVE YET! I'M TIRED OF HANGING AROUND THIS JOINT! BRING ME SOME LIQUOR, YOU!!



BUMP PROCEEDS TO GET DRUNK ...

HEY- ROSIE! GO GET THAT GAL OUT OF THE CELLAR AND BRING HER UP HERE. I'M BORED!



















BOSIE, WITH THE FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNED, STALKS FROM THE OLD WAREHOUSE ...



MEANWHILE, THE INSPECTOR, MAC AND A SCORE OF DETECTIVES CONVERGE...

ALL EXITS ARE COVERED, MEN, WE'LL GO IN THE SECRET ENTRANCE UNDER THE DOCK. BE PREPARED FOR A FIGHT.











INSIDE, LUMP LONIGAN RENEWS HIS

THE COP5 REACH THE CANG'S HIDEOUT. LUMP" LONIGAN REACHES FOR 415 GUN, AND ...



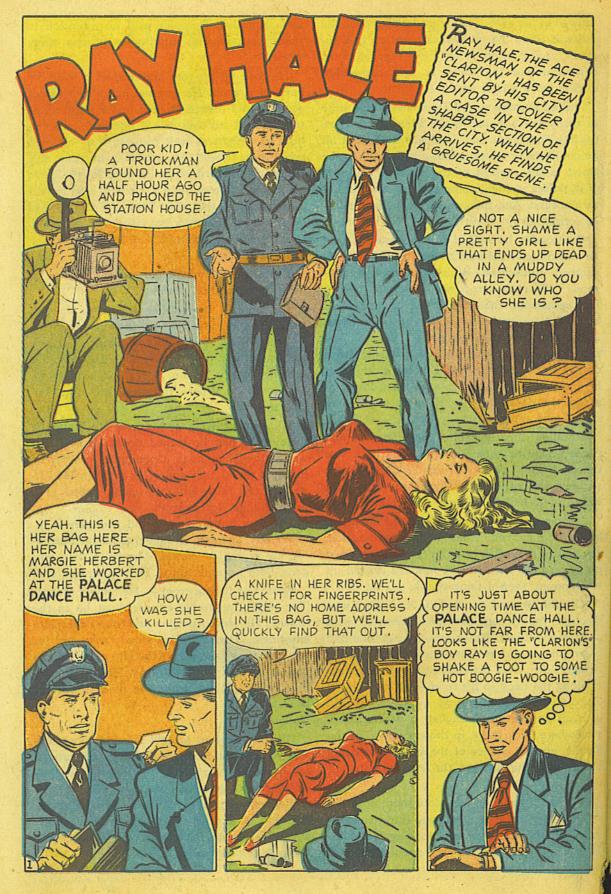
COP'S BULLET DROPS "LUMP" BUT NOT BEFORE THE THUG'S SLUG FINDS 175 MARK IN ROSIE.

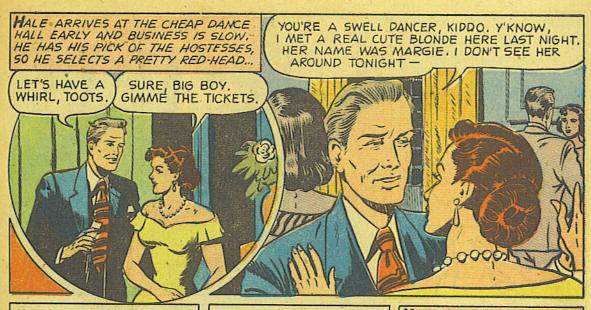






READ GIRL FRIDAY - NEXT ISSUE





OH, MARGIE - SHE AIN'T HERE YET. SHE MAY NOT SHOW UP CAUSE SHE HAD A QUARREL WITH THE MANAGER CAUSE HE FIRED JANE BLAKE, WHO ROOMS WITH MARGIE.



GEE, THAT'S A SHAME . WHERE DO THE GIRLS LIVE?

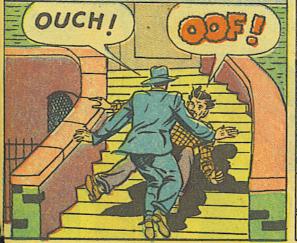
THEY HAVE A ROOM OVER AT 14 GAIL STREET.

HALE SPEEDILY LEAVES THE DANCE HALL AND HOT-FOOTS IT TO THE ADDRESS THE DANCER HAD GIVEN HIM...

THAT WAS WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW! GOTTA GET THIS STORY BEFORE THE COPS GET THERE, TO SCOOP THE OTHER PAPERS!

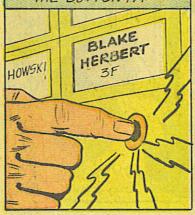


AS THE REPORTER RUSHES INTO THE DOOR-WAY OF 14 GAIL STREET, HE BUMPS INTO A WIZENED, SURLY MAN WHO IS LEAVING...





THE MAN ANGRILY SHUFFLES OFF AND HALE EXAMINES THE NAMES ON THE BELLS. HE FINDS WHAT HE IS LOOKING FOR, AND PUSHES THE BUTTON...



ANN
ANSWERING
BUZZ OPENS
THE DOOR
AND HALE
GOES UP
THE STAIRS
TO THE
THIRD FLOOR
FRONT. HE
IS GREETED
BY A GIRL
WHOSE TEAR
STAINED
FACE SHOWS
EVIDENCE
OF RECENT
WEEPING...



DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, JANE? I'VE DANCED WITH YOU AT THE PALACE. I KNOW MARGIE TOO. WHERE IS SHE?



I DON'T KNOW, SHE MUST HAVE GONE TO WORK, WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE HER AT THE PALACE? KNOW ABOUT



OH, I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING, AND DROPPED IN. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, KID? YOU'VE BEEN CRYING.







A POWDER-PUSHER, EH? YOU MEAN HE PEDDLES DOPE! ARE YOU A "JUNKIE"?



Y-YES! I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS, BUT I'M DESPERATE! MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME, I'M BROKE AND I'VE GOT TO GET SOME OF THE STUFF!!

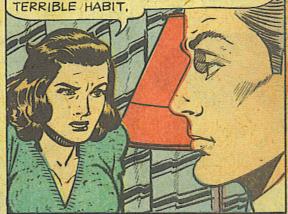


THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL'S NERVES CRACK.
SHE BREAKS DOWN AND BABBLES HER
SORDID STORY TO THE ALERT REPORTER.

I'VE ONLY BEEN USING "JUNK" FOR A SHORT TIME. I PICKED UP THE HABIT AT THE DANCE HALL. PEDRO, THAT GUY WHO WAS JUST HERE, SOLD IT TO US GIRLS. I TOLD HIM I WAS BROKE, BUT HE REFUSED TO TRUST ME, FOR ANY, INSTEAD, HE TOLD. ME TO LEAVE TOWN,



YOU SEE, HE'S SORE AT US. ONLY YESTERDAY MARGIE BAWLED HIM OUT AND TOLD HIM TO GET OUT OF HERE, SHE THREATENED TO TURN HIM IN TO THE COPS. SHE HAS BEEN TRYING TO BREAK ME OF THIS



HALE GROWS SUSPICIOUS ...

DID YOU AND MARGIE NO! HAVE A QUARREL OVER SHE'S LIKE A SISTER



WHERE WERE YOU EARLIER THIS EVENING?

HAVEN'T BEEN OUT ALL DAY, MARGIE WENT OUT EARLIER TO TALK TO THE MANAGER AT THE PALACE, TO TRY AND GET ME MY JOB BACK, HE CANNED ME LAST NIGHT BECAUSE I WAS ALL HOPPED UP, SHE WON'T BE HOME UNTIL AFTER THE JOINT CLOSES.







HALE FALLS AND PEDRO GRABS JANE ...

YOU TALK TOO MUCH! YOUR GIRL FRIEND, SHE TALK TOO MUCH TOO. SHE SAY YESTERDAY SHE GOING TO TELL COPS, SO I SHUT HER UP GOOD. SHE NOW IN ALLEY WITH KNIFE IN HER, SHE WON'T TALK - NEVER!!

YOU'VE KILLED HER!

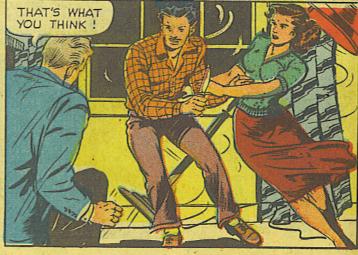
SURE - JUST LIKE I'M GOING TO KILL YOU NOW. THEN I'LL FINISH OFF THAT GUY I KNOCKED OUT. YOU SPILLED TOO MUCH



BUT HALE HAS ONLY BEEN DAZED BY THE GLANCING BLOW, HE HAS RECOVERED HIS SENSES, AND HEARS PEDRO'S THREAT...



WITH A BOUND, THE NEWSPAPERMAN LEAPS UPON THE MURDEROUS DOPE-PEDDLER ...



BUT - IN TWISTING AWAY FROM PEDRO, JANE ACCIDENTLY TRIPS RAY HALE ...





SUDDENLY, A SHOT FROM THE DOOR RIPS THROUGH PEDRO'S HAND AND THE KNIFE DROPS...



TWO DETECTIVES WALK INTO THE ROOM ...

TIERNEY AND DUNN FROM HEADQUARTERS! THANKS, BOYS, I KNEW YOU'D FOLLOW THIS TRAIL PRETTY SOON, YOU SURE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, THIS



BOTH JANE, HERE, AND I HEARD HIM ADMIT IT. WE'LL TESTIFY AND SEND THE RAT TO THE CHAIR. YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HIS PRINTS ON THE MURDER KNIFE, BUT RIGHT NOW, I'VE

GOT TO HURRY AND GET MY STORY IN!

ALL RIGHT -COME ALONG!



MONTHS LATER, AFTER PEDRO HAS BEEN TRIED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR HIS FOUL CRIME, WE WITNESS A SCENE IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE ...

YOU ARE NOW DISCHARGED, MISS BLAKE. YOU'RE ALL CURED OF THE NARCOTIC

OH, MR. HALE, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME TO GET THIS TREATMENT. I'LL NEVER TOUCH THE AWFUL STUFF AGAIN.



THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, JANE,
GLAD TO
HELP YOU,
JUST KEEP
UP YOUR
GOOD
RESOLUTION

BELL, READERS, WE HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED THIS ISSUE OF CRIME SMASHERS. WRITE AND TELL US WHICH FEATURE YOU LIKED BEST.